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W. R. HEARST.

AN AMERICAN PAPER FOR THE AMERICAN PEOPLE

THE VOTER'S DUTY.

Elect

A Democratic Governor.

Because the administration of a Republican Governor has been one long scandal, and only a Democratic successor will cut out Republican abuses and punish Republican criminals.

The Democratic State Ticket.

Because every Republican candidate was named by Platt and represents the principles of jobbery, subservience to corporations, and interference with the rights of citizens and localities.

A Democratic Legislature.

Because it is necessary to re-elect that fearless Democrat, Edward Murphy, to the Senate, and because a Republican Legislature means the sale of the law-making power to trusts and syndicates, the suppression of home rule, and an intolerable invasion of personal liberty.

A Democratic Congressional Delegation.

Because a Republican Congress would whitewash the unspeakable crimes committed by the McKinley Administration against our soldiers, and because it would put all the burdens of government in the future, as it has in the past, upon the struggling many for the benefit of the privileged few.

Vote the whole Democratic ticket, from top to bottom, and share in the victory that is coming.

What
Roosevelt
Wants
Indorsed.

"Vote for me and indorse the Administration," cries Roosevelt from every stump. "Vote against me if you want to encourage Spain."

Here is a list of a few of the achievements of the Administration, as outlined before the War Investigating Committee Monday, which Colonel Roosevelt wants approved by the vote of New York:

General James H. Wilson, now commanding the First Army Corps, testified that the disembarkation of his division at Porto Rico occupied eleven days because the War Department refused to furnish him with steam launches by which the work could have been done in two days.

Colonel Robert W. Leonard testified that the surgeon of his regiment could not get necessary medicines for the sick, and he spent \$500 of his own to meet that need, and \$600 for shoes to take the place of worthless ones supplied by the Quartermaster's Department.

Lieutenant-Colonel Frank D. Baldwin testified of the camp at Chickamauga: "I did not inspect a single hospital but what I found it in a filthy condition."

Colonel Baldwin and Colonel Coffey testified that Chickamauga Park was wholly unfit for a camp. The latter's regiment waited two months for appliances for boiling water, and the Colonel testified that the "hospital was unfloored, the cots crowded so close together that one could not pass between, and the tents were so leaky that when it was raining the men in the hospital had to be covered with ponchos and rubber blankets to be protected from a drenching."

WARING, THE MARTYR.

HOW HE GAVE HIS LIFE FOR
HAVANA'S HEALTH.

THE death of Colonel George Waring, the sanitary engineer who constructed yellow fever in Cuba while looking to the best means of its extermination, may well direct the attention of the War Department to the cause which will confront General Lee's army of occupation in Havana and its suburbs, and to the instant necessity of beginning the work which if properly pushed, may make of Havana a comparatively clean city within a few months.

It is understood that Colonel Waring's report has been completed. It will contain recommendations which in the light of his conspicuous professional ability can only be regarded as offering the very best possible solution of the problem which, left unmet, would mean a distressful martyrdom of American soldiers and a continual menace to the public health in our Southern States.

The report will recommend that Havana's sewage should be directed into the Gulf of Mexico, rather than into Havana harbor, and that a canal be cut across the narrow neck of land back of the city proper, connecting the open tide water of the Gulf with the stagnant puddle which is named Havana Bay.

That canal is the only solution of the problem of cleansing and keeping clean Havana harbor. Even the Spanish had long ago come to an appreciation of this fact, and every successive colonial government has announced its intention to dig the canal—"monna."

Havana naturally is a healthy city. It is situated on high, rocky ground; it is swept at all hours by invigorating and malaria-dispelling ocean breezes; its water works system, splendidly conceived and fairly well executed, brings a flood of clean, sparkling water from the limestone hills, far away from any possible source of pollution, and the climate during eight months of the year is delightful.

There should be no malaria in Havana; no catarrhal or pulmonary diseases should originate there, and the scourges of smallpox and yellow fever might be quickly and forever provided against by the acts of modern sanitation.

But centuries of ever-growing stagnation,

careless Spanish-Negro civilization have made of the town and harbor a veritable sinkhole of infection which will require a lot of cleansing up before the "thou shalt not" measures of modern sanitary care may become preventively efficacious.

The canal is the alpha perforce of the new regime.

Havana harbor is a sheet of water of thirty square miles of superficial surface and variable depth. It is landlocked to that degree that it is comparable to a demijohn. The narrow bottle neck—three hundred yards wide—gives access to the Gulf which has here less than four feet of mean tide variation. This is not sufficient to cause a rise and fall of more than six inches at each turn of the tide, measuring at the steps of La Machina wharf.

For three hundred years all the sewage, offal and garbage of the city of Havana have been placidly dumped into this comparatively small basin of stagnant water. The result is best described in the words of Gunner Charles Morgan, United States Navy, who had charge of the diving operations in the salvage work about the wreck of the Maine. Morgan sat with the writer one day last April on a barge alongside the Maine with only the helmet of his diving suit removed. He had just come to the surface after a prolonged prowling about the Maine's shattered hull.

"It's like diving through porridge when one gets down two fathoms," said he. "At one fathom the water's pretty clear; at two it's opaque; at three fathoms it ceases to be water and becomes mud, through which one cannot see a foot and which feels slimy to the touch. And that's all of two fathoms to the bottom, too."

The water of Havana harbor is a dirty yellow, no strong contradiction to the pellucid blue of the Gulf water outside Morro Point. When the hot noonday sun has warmed it for an hour the always noticeable fetid odor becomes distinctly offensive to the nostrils, and physicians say that no unacclimated person can inhale the poisonous fumes for a week without impairment of health.

The canal, so long and so much talked of, need be less than four miles long. Its construction involves no great difficulties of engineering. Its cost need not be great, for the deepest cut necessary is less than sixty feet, and the length of any considerable excavation less than half a mile. Such a canal would turn the rushing current of the Gulf Stream—it flows six miles an hour past Morro—through this stagnant, stink-soggy basin. It would accomplish this modern labor of Hercules in a week after completion and keep conditions good for all time.

Major John C. F. Martin, Chief Surgeon of the First Brigade, Second Division, First Army Corps, testified that a well used by three regiments was contaminated by the drainage from the Second Division hospital and sinks, and that the water in Chickamauga was polluted by the sewage from Snodgrass Hill until August 6. He swore that when he told his superiors of the prevalence of typhoid and other preventable diseases in the camp he was compelled to retract, under threat of court-martial.

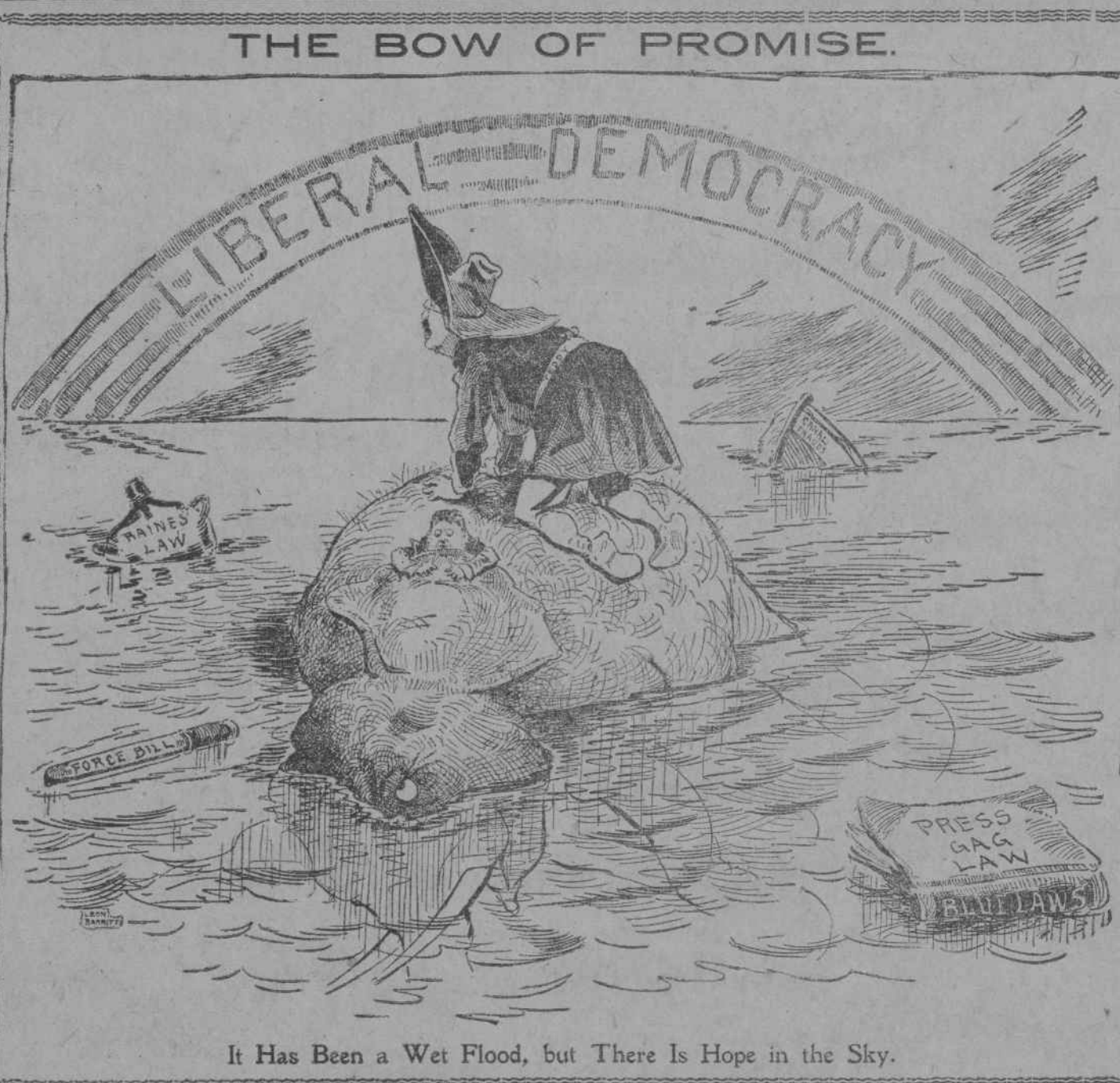
This is part of the record of one day's investigation into the methods of conducting a war which are to be indorsed by voting for Colonel Roosevelt. And we suppose the last and cruellest blow is to be struck at Spain by indorsing an Administration which now proposes to pay her \$40,000,000 for her worthless title to the Philippines.

THE SHADOWS
OF THE
CANDIDATE.

It was no empty compliment that the Republican State Convention and Colonel Roosevelt paid to Governor Black when they praised his Administration—the Administration of the canal steals, the Raines law, the Force bill and the starchless civil service—as "wise, statesmanlike and economical," and held it up as the pattern of Administration would strive to follow. Black and his shady retainers have held places of honor in the Republican campaign down to the very end of the contest.

In the meeting at the Lenox Lyceum on Monday evening the Governor and Colonel Roosevelt spoke from the same platform. The Governor spoke first, and he held up for public approval the typical scandals of his own Administration and of the Republican party in general. He praised his management of the canal; he assumed on behalf of the Republican party the full responsibility

It Has Been a Wet Flood, but There Is Hope in the Sky.



for the Raines law; he glorified the Force bill; he defended his starchless civil service bill; he burned incense to the Republican management of the war, and he paid this fervid tribute to Alger:

And with him through all this tempest stood one whom I shall name because he has so often suffered at the hands of the unthinking and the unjust—a hero in the last war, a statesman in this, courageous, upright, the Secretary of War has stood, performing his duty, and has not been swerved therefrom either by the perils of war or the aspersions of his countrymen.

And Colonel Roosevelt, the civil service reformer, with his report on the management of the War Department locked up in Adjutant-General Corbin's desk, and his pockets bulging with "ifs" about the canal frauds, took the floor and uttered no disclaimer of the Governor or his shameless avowals of unrepentant sin. And the other speakers divided their compliments equally between Black and Roosevelt. Every effort was made, and with perfect success, to identify the Governor and the candidate, and to make it evident that a Roosevelt Administration would be a continuation of the Administration of Black and a reflection of that of McKinley. The last taint of independence has been eliminated from the Republican candidate. All the evils of Republican government, State and national, stalk unabashed in his train.

WE OBSERVE WITH INTEREST that Chauncey Depew has temporarily turned from his work of devising a plan to evade or violate with impunity the recent anti-pooling decision of the United States Supreme Court, and has again taken the stump for those gallant champions of law, order and popular rights—Ted and Tim.

"COLONEL ROOSEVELT'S ELECTION," says Chauncey Depew, impressively, "is just as certain to-day as it will be after election is over." Just about.

CYRANO ON THIRD AVENUE.

ALAN DALE REVIEWS THE LATEST EAST SIDE SUCCESS.

ALL the elite of Third Avenue turned out glitteringly to do honor to a brand new play called "Cyrano de Bergerac," by that popular East Side idol Dore Davidson, in collaboration with some French "guy" known as Rostong or Rosting. It was a joyous and cozy afternoon.

Ardent theatre-goers clamored for the great Davidson and "Cyrano" almost as fondly as though it had been Isham's Octoroons or Lila Clay's English Blondes that were offered. The tops of Third Avenue and the belles of the Bowery turned in, sweltering with incipient enthusiasm; and proud, fatty Third Avenue dowagers, with the latest baby clasped to their swart bosoms, bit at the Davidson bait, confident that it would not fall them.

I felt a trifle abashed and petty—much as I feel at the Metropolitan Opera House in the presence of bare embonpoints. I stood in the lobby and watched them all surge in to their glad expectancy. Little wotted I had seen the piece done by a fellow named Mansfield in New York, and by some person entitled Daly in Philadelphia. It had been comparatively spoiled for me. In other words, the great Davidson was handicapped, as great men sometimes are, by consciousness of imitators.

A manager buttonholed me. Said he: "Think of it! I got the manuscript only ten days ago and here we are to-day with a first performance. You see, I didn't dare to wait, because somebody was going to get ahead of me."

"Brute!" muttered I—referring, of course, to the somebody, and not to the manager. An usher in a red uniform conducted me to a seat, and left me. A man in front had just enjoyed a little something that had been thrown down upon him from the gallery. His enjoyment was a trifle perturbed, and he rubbed his head, as though the little something had been rather harsh. For a moment I thought of wearing my hat, for the sake of a little bald spot that has never yet been used as a target for the gallery. I decided to be generous. "Let them enjoy themselves," I murmured to myself. "Life is short." And I put aside the chaplain.

Mr. Davidson's play began rather late, but not too late for the bungling of Third Avenue. The first scene showed a sort of theatre in a hotel—probably on the European plan, meals charged extra. All the characters looked very nice in rich velours, knickerbockers and felt hats with feathers, at \$1.08 apiece at the very least. They all called each other "messie," or "mossos," which sounded a trifle odd, but Davidson was bound to be out of the ordinary. This

was not a mere case of Lila Clay's English Blondes.

Everybody seemed to be talking of Cyrano and making rude personal allusions to his nose in a most indiscreet way. Davidson's idea was probably to show how infinitely superior Third Avenue manners are to those prevalent at the time he discussed in his play. Cyrano's nose, however, quite justified its advance notices. Society in the boxes giggled at it, and the gallery boys seemed to think that they were in for a huge joke, and that Cyrano would turn out to be a Hebrew pawnbroker from the Rue de Ruzier. There is nothing funnier than a Hebrew pawnbroker on the stage. Mr. Davidson has made many a hit in his line with such types.

The chandelier, that was lifted up a la Mansfield and Daly from the floor to the flies, looked like a tin bathtub, with candles in it, and the audience wondered what it meant. It gave a sort of flip to their curiosity. Things settled themselves quickly and rather unsatisfactorily. In spite of so much rich cotton-backed velvet, and stylish felt \$1.08 hats, Cyrano turned out to be a mere long-nosed lover, ardently enamored of a certain Roxana. She came on very early in the piece with her diuane—a role which Third Avenue probably didn't understand. When a girl is out with her "steady," two's company and three's none. A fig for the purring captions of morality! They talked a good deal—rather more than was necessary, and to my obtuse mind things didn't seem to be at all clear. Cyrano appeared to be quite pleased when he heard that Roxana was really in love with another person. The action of the piece seemed to be so dreadfully delayed. A man who made cookies was needlessly introduced, and Cyrano was made to utter some absurd nonsense about "bold cadets of Gascony." Why should Mr. Davidson go to Gascony for cadets?

At this critical moment a vaudeville turn came to the rescue of Davidson and his wicked restrainer, "Mossos" Rostong. Cal Stewart, "America's representative Yankee comedian," appeared before the curtain and told jokes about Sixth Avenue dry goods stores. Ha! Ha! Ha! How they all laughed! It did my heart good to hear them. Society came out of its shell, and applauded good old Cal to the echo. There was not enough of Cal, and there was too much of Cyrano. That seemed to be the verdict. But the best of vaudeville turns, as well as the worst, must end, and Cal was called in to make room for Davidson and Rostong.

Society was rather amused at the balcony scene. Some of the children were a trifle scared at the long-nosed Cyrano, in the

semi-obscure, and one youngster uttered an agonized "Mommie!" that was quickly suppressed. However, it was an honest expression of sentiment, and I rather liked it. Roxana looked lovely on the balcony, with an emerald green clot of calico on her fair breast. The audience tinkled with glee at the spectacle of Cyrano telling Christian how to make love to the beautiful girl. It must have reminded them of the people who write to the papers, asking, "How shall I tell the young man I go with that I love him?" The irony of the whole thing pleased them. It was all so different on Third Avenue! Cyrano was most lordly and poetic. He said columns of lovely things, breathing them in the soft air, with smug star-yodling.

The wedding of Roxana and Christian was also perfectly intelligible—and it was not out in the least. Davidson gave his wild fancy full sway, and dragged "Mossos" Rostong along with him.

The great actor who played Cyrano was Edward R. Mawson, who should certainly copyright his business and protect it from Mansfield. I positively decline to compare Mawson with Mansfield. No, I won't do it. Mr. Mawson appeared to be a thoroughly well-meaning person, blighted by a nose, and he spoke his lines most distinctly and with the air of completely relishing them. Miss Terese Denzle was the Roxana—with blonde hair—and some neat, fresh curls. Third Avenue evidently thought that she was a bit of a fool-forward when she should have been coy and needlessly cruel to a pleasant man who could have supported her in plush-furnished luxury for the remainder of her days. Still, as a creation of the fertile Davidson, she "went." That splendid heroic person, yelet Charles Leonard Fletcher was "Mossos," the Comte de Guiche. He seemed a trifle too anxious to dig holes in the stage with a sort of alpenstock that he carried, but then he was young and enthusiastic. I was going to say that he was carried away by his ardor, but I don't want to arouse false hopes. Charles E. Insley was Christian, in sky blue and peppermint slick tights. He was a nice, kind, harmless person, the sort of man who would never murder a flea.

As for the verdict—well, I'll leave it undecided. You must take into consideration the fact that Third Avenue society was anxious to encourage "Mossos" Dore Davidson and also Rostong. "Cyrano" was but a beginning. Who shall say what exquisite poem may come from their wedded pens in the distant future? Let Third Avenue cherish them and accord them a gentle indulgence. Vire "Mossos" Davidson, and all the other "mossos" in his employ.

ALAN DALE.

AMERICAN
DEMOCRACY IN
NEW MEXICO.

The attempt of the Republican party to monopolize the policy of national expansion, aided by certain myopic Democrats who have forgotten the historical achievements of their own party, finds little encouragement in the breezy atmosphere of the West. The Democratic Territorial Convention of New Mexico has put this unequivocal plank into its platform:

We declare that the despotic flag of Spain should never again pollute the air of a country liberated by the gallantry of American soldiers in an unselfish and humane war; that when our flag once floats over any people they become and should ever remain free. We therefore declare that none of the territory wrested from Spain in the late war should ever be returned to that country, but that free government should be established, laying its foundations upon such principles and organizing the powers in such form as shall seem most likely to effect the safety and happiness of the people of those countries, reserving for ourselves the most favorable trade relations for the benefit of our expanding commerce.

New Mexico can speak with peculiar feeling on this subject. Her own territory was once Spanish. It was acquired by the United States at a later period as a result of a war waged by a Democratic Government against the frenzied opposition of the same classes that opposed the late war for Cuban freedom and that now urge us to renounce the fruits of victory. A majority of the people of New Mexico, like our new fellow citizens of Porto Rico and the Philippines, still speak the Spanish language.

The Democrats of New Mexico, like the Democrats of Texas, of California, and of all the other regions annexed to our republic in this century, are aggressive Americans. And as these annexations comprise more than three-fourths of the soil of the United States, the policy that is popular in them is likely to prevail.

FOR THE
PLAIN PEOPLE
TO REMEMBER.

Though the distant observer might not suspect it, there are in this city and State a great many Democrats who do not repent having stood by the national platform and ticket in 1896.

Among the things that these Democrats will remember to Colonel Roosevelt's disadvantage is his declaration of two years ago that, could he have his way, the more radical Democratic leaders would be taken out, stood up against a wall and shot. He added, it may be recalled, that he expected, soon or late, to be required to meet these men on the field of battle.

It was in the heat of the Presidential campaign that Mr. Roosevelt uttered these amiable sentiments. He was excited enough to be candid, and not then being himself a candidate for office had no Boss Platt to restrain him.

Theodore Roosevelt is a true Republican, one of the "better element." In his view those who grow earnest in behalf of the lowly, and despoiled—the people who are not clever and educated and well-to-do like himself—are dangerous demagogues. He is sincere in the conviction that his class has a divine right to rule—so sincere that he would shoot, if he could, agitators who threaten the security of the privileges of the Rockefellers, Roosevelts and Lows. It is the aristocratic cast of mind and heart, and is not at all incompatible with agreeable personal qualities and pleasant manners—when the privileges of the order are let alone.

Government by the Roosevelts is government by the few. There can be nothing democratic about it.

The duty and opportunity of the plain people of New York will be invitingly clear on November 8.

A GOOD
CANDIDATE IN
THE SECOND.

The voters of the Second Congressional District have an opportunity to be represented in Congress by a young, energetic and progressive man who will give the district its proper weight in the House. Mr. Fitzgerald, the Democratic candidate, is a highly educated lawyer, having earned the degree of Master of Arts by two years of graduate study at college before entering the New York Law School for his professional course. He is a leader in many social, literary and fraternal organizations, and is certain to be at the front in anything he undertakes. He is a believer in aggressive Americanism. When the Democratic Congressional caucus is filled with such men as he there will be no party division on the question of keeping the flag where it has been planted.

MARK HANNA SAYS the Republican majority in Ohio will not be as great as it was in 1897. In that year it was less than in 1896. The steady reduction in the vote of Ohio Republicans since Mark grabbed the leadership is perhaps the most creditable political phenomenon which Ohio Republicanism has ever presented.

"THE REPUBLICAN LION and the Republican lamb are lying down together in this campaign," said Mr. Ellhu Root at the Lenox Lyceum, referring to the propinquity of the Boss and the Mugwump on the platform. They are, and the lamb, as usual, is inside.

SENATOR TIMOTHY E. ELLSWORTH HAS
BEEN RENOMINATED TO
SUCCEED HIMSELF. THE
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AND SO THRUST DISTINCTION UPON HIM.

on his language. As the author of the Press Gag or Anti-Cartoon bill and other romances of the Legislature he gained fame, but his speech of acceptance is the most wonderful thing he has done yet. Mr. Ellsworth had been in the Senate before, but he was a silent inconspicuous member until somebody handed him the Press bill to introduce and so thrust distinction upon him.

IN his speech of acceptance Mr. Ellsworth said: "Your committee in their courteous way have informed me I have received the unanimous nomination of your convention to succeed myself in office, through the courtesy and kindness of the district to continue to me the charge intrusted three years ago."

Mr. Ellsworth then went on to say that whatever he had done in the Senate was with a view of serving his party and the people.

He said regarding his work as a whole: "So far as I have succeeded, I take this recognition as an evidence of your satisfaction as to that."

He spoke tersely of the work necessary in legislative positions, and said: "In so far as, in any respect, I have failed I accept this as an evidence on your behalf that such failure was not by reason of anything on my part which I should have caused, but because of those things beyond and outside of my control and which affected my action as one action always are affected by those men and circumstances with whom we work in legislative positions."

That he cares but little for criticism was made manifest when he said: "I have the criticism meted to me (posting that which is false, that I never made speeches, and I never did chiefly that in the prominence of this duty which came to me I presented for consideration of the Legislature bills which seemed not to have met the approval of some of those organs of public opinion."

Mr. Ellsworth went on to say that the Anti-Cartoon bill had its inception in the

office of one of the metropolitan journals. "The other bill," said he, "which has been styled the press-gag law, has its origin in that nature whatever, and if any newspaper has ever published it, it is if ever came to your eyes and was taken into your minds with intelligent consideration, you conceive it for yourself."

The Senator then pays his respects in a succinct way to the general merits of the bill which he so warmly advocates, "One of those measures," he said, "even those who condemn it, say, in part, it is right in principle, but entirely too radical. It has for its purpose only the restricting of that portion of the press, restricting after being passed on by the Grand Jury of the county and then passed on by the petit jury and only when it should appear from the paper that it was of that innocent and licentious character tending to bad influences of the community, and then not at first, but only after; first, one conviction after indictment by the Grand Jury and the finding of the petit jury, and then, following that, the pursuit of the same course again, further indictment and further conviction, and all this by the people of the village where the paper, periodical or magazine is circulated and scattered broadcast."

It is not necessary to say that no one, after reading Mr. Ellsworth's clear, concise explanation of the political situation, can fail to thoroughly understand just exactly where Mr. Ellsworth is at.

Learning Made Easy.

"I don't know that there is much use of my keeping my school open more than a month or two each year," said the German pedagogue.

"Why is that?" "Our Emperor has simplified matters to such an extent that when you ask the name of the world's greatest poet, painter, musician, general, traveler or monarch, there is only one answer to all the questions."—Washington Star.

A Close Guess.

"How do you know that the young couple opposite are married?" asked the man with large business interests of his wife as they sat in the cafe after the theatre. You can't tell anything about it."

"Oh, can't I? She wanted lobster and he ordered a couple of ham sandwiches. They're married all right enough."—Detroit Free Press.

WE ARE IN FAVOR.

"I should think that the United States would be in favor of the disarmament of Europe, as proposed by the Czar," remarked Glanders.

"Certainly," replied Gummy. "In fact, we began on it. We have disarmed Spain at the right."—Detroit Free Press.